UNPOPULAR MAHONE.

An Outcast from Virginia and a Republican Outcast in Washington.

While Mahone has always been unpopular personally in Washington, there was a time when he was a prominent figure in Republican circles. Not that he was trusted by his Republican allies, for that he never was, but the Republicans were led to believe that he was a great political power in Virginia, hence the attention that was paid him. Mahone knew well how to use his temporary power and as a political boss he surpassed in boldness all the spoilsmen in Washington.

How the Republicans were deceived! Mahone had made them believe that his influence in this State was unbounded; that his lieutenants would be loyal to him to the end; that he could control all Virginia elections; that he could influence the politics of other Southern States, and in short lead the "Solid South" into the Republican party. Sherman, and men of that type, applauded Mahone's efforts to injure the fair name of Virginia, and lent their energies to every scheme that the arch traitor presented for crushing the representative men of the South.

President Arthur was led to believe that Mahone was a man of power, and, looking to the future, entered into an alliance with him, by which Mahone was to control all the Federal patronage in this State, and Arthur was to receive in exchange Mahone's support in the Republican Convention at Chicago.

It was in the summer of 1883 that Mahone's prominence in Washington was greatest. It was then that his boasts were loudest. It was then that his vanity was most disgusting, and his manner towards his constituents most imperious. It was then that his abuse of the Federal patronage in Virginia was most outrageous. It was then also that the people of Virginia determined to overturn the upstart's power. In November of that year Mahone sustained a crushing defeat. When his Republican associates in Washington asked him to account for his failure to carry the election, he grossly misrepresented Virginia by magnifying the Danville trouble into a Democratic conspiracy, and pointing to that as the cause of his defeat.

But after a thorough investigation into the Danville matter the Democratic party of Virginia was thoroughly vindicated, and the people of the country were fully convinced that Mahone was a fraud of the first-class. Still, his presentation of the situation gave the Republican managers hope that he could recover his lost power and carry Virginia in 1884. But he was defeated again, and now the Republicans have lost faith in him altogether. If Mahone was a prominent figure in the Senate two years ago, he is the most insignificant individual in that body to-day. His prestige has departed forever. Two years ago sycophants surrounded Mahone. Now the sycophants have scattered. Mahone's name was once high on the list of those who were entertained "in high life." No one cares to invite Mahone to the banquet hall now. He has long been known as an outcast from Virginia. He is now a Republican outcast in Washington.

It may seem cruel for the Republicans to ostracise him after he has done all in his power to Republicanize Virginia. But this is a selfish world, and just so soon as the Republican managers found that the renegade could add no strength to their cause they had no further use for him. Nothing succeeds like success; nothing is so damaging to a man's standing in the Republican party as failure. Failure in a good cause discourages a man; but he will never weary in well-doing, knowing that truth must at last prevail. But Mahone's failure means his political death, and when his term expires in the Senate he will slink away from Washington branded as a fraud.—*Richmond (Va.) State.*

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL.

Commendably Brief and Admirable in Tone and Sentiment.

The speech of the new President upon the beginning of his reign is commendable for its brevity and admirable for the dignified tone and just tenor of its sentiments. At the outset, it deprecates the custom of carrying the party spirit into the Presidency. At the threshold of that high office, the spirit that subsists on partisan feelings or on sectional prejudices should cease, because, in the new President's thought, the function of that officer is to execute the Constitution "in order to promote the welfare of the *country*," not of a particular party, "and to secure the full measure of its benefits to us and those who will succeed to the blessing of our *National*," not partisan or sectional, "life."

In the same direction point the clear, strong words of the speech in relation to the Civil service and the exercise of the appointing power. "Civil-service reform should be in good faith enforced. Society has the right of protection against the incompetency of public servants who hold their places as the reward of partisan service, and against the corrupting influence of those who promise, and the methods of those who expect, such rewards." On the other hand, those who worthily seek to enter the public service "have the right to insist that merit and faculty shall be recognized instead of party subserviency."

In these words, Mr. Cleveland has taken occasion to repeat and emphasize, at his entrance upon the presidency, views that he has previously declared, both before and after his election, and that have had verification in his practice. The country is not only prepared to hear them with satisfaction, but to accept them as a reasonable assurance that the march of opinion against the infamous patronage system is not to be obstructed, hindered, or endangered by the charge of the high officer who holds and is able to exercise according to his will the tremendous appointing power. This part of the speech will be accepted as a clear announcement of the presidential policy in one of the two only fields of governmental action where it rests with the President to initiate or direct a policy of government.

The other of these two fields is that of foreign relations. In relation to this, also, the utterance is distinct, though extremely general. What it indicates distinctly is that the reign of Cleveland is not to be distinguished by any foreign policy of the gymnastic style of Blaine, and that if an unsatisfactory policy should be pursued its fault is more likely to be on the side of adherence to the "traditionary policy" of National isolation.

Outside of these two fields, wherein alone the President can initiate or guide or exert any great influence on the policy of government, the speech contains the expression of presidential views on a number of subjects, such as public extravagance, tariff, treatment of Indians, polygamy, legislative powers. The President's views on the silver question, having been made known in another way a few days before, were not repeated; moreover, as the policy of government on these other subjects is also not in the direction of the President, but in that of the legislature, these statements of his opinions are only interesting as very brief and imperfect outgivings of his personal opinions. Until Congress opens next December, it can not be known whether the Government policy will agree with them or not.—*Chicago Times.*

WAIT A LITTLE.

Blaine Not Likely to Ever Reach the Chief Office in the Republic.

The Augusta speech of Mr. Blaine, coupled with other facts and significant indications then and since observed, point to the conclusion that this ambitious politician will be a candidate for the Presidency in 1888. The more or less active proceedings looking to this end, whether preconcerted or not, are from every point of view ill-advised and disastrously premature. No one can now tell what four years may bring forth. The questions uppermost then may be unfamiliar and unknown now. The issues of the day and hour must be dealt with by the men of the day and hour. The President of a railway or bank is not selected five years before his services are required, nor is the President of a college chosen until he is wanted. The public man best fitted to serve as President of the United States in 1889 can not therefore be singled out in 1885.

It should not be forgotten by the too previous friends of Mr. Blaine that there are fatally serious objections to that gentleman as a party candidate; a non-partisan candidate of course he can never be. As the Presidential candidate of the Republican party the insurmountable objection exists that he is vehemently opposed by a large and respectable minority of his own political faith. It is useless to argue that this Republican opposition is without reason and should not exist. It is enough to know that it is most formidable, and does exist, and that it embraces a dozen influential public journals and scores of influential party men.

Is it "good politics" to adhere to a leader whose enemies inside the party fold are so numerous and so persistent, simply because he is the favorite of the element casting the majority vote? If minorities have no rights, they have at least decisive powers, as Mr. Blaine has lately learned. Their wishes must be respected in politics from motives of policy and prudence. Is it probable that if General William T. Sherman had been the Republican candidate for the Presidency he would not have been elected to that office? Would not General Hawley have had the united support of the Republican party at the late election? And would Senator Sherman have encountered the opposition within his own party, arrayed against Mr. Blaine, in view of his record as Secretary of the Treasury? That Mr. Blaine made a creditable and brilliant political canvass all must concede. With the limitations placed upon his popularity by his bad record and the impediments that so heavily weighed him down, neither he nor any one else so handicapped could, perhaps, have done better. But many letters which he long ago wrote were susceptible of a most unfavorable interpretation, and it was and is unfortunate that he ever wrote even one letter that he deemed it prudent or necessary to order burned.

While therefore this popular leader has those personal qualities which will make him a power in politics so long as he lives, it does not seem to be his destiny to ever reach the chief office in the Republic. Three times has this great honor eluded his grasp. Running for the Presidency is all very well for the first dozen years, but after that it becomes somewhat monotonous to the people. Our history shows that those who have sought the Chief Magistracy most persistently have never reached it. It comes, if at all, unsought.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

JUST THE MAN FOR THE WORK.

The Pension Bureau a Prolific Source of Political Villainy.

The Pension Bureau, under the skillful management of Commissioner Dudley, appears to have been a prolific source of corruption and to have furnished the Republican party with no small share of the sinews of war during the last Presidential campaign. Every day the Congressional committee investigating it unearthed fresh material of a kind which should send some of these enterprising officials, so free with the people's money, to a place of retirement as Government pensioners in striped suits, where they might have ample time for reflection. The statistician of this delectable bureau testified before the committee that when the enterprising Dudley took charge, less than four years ago, the running expenses of the office were about $500,000 a year, and that he contrived to get them up to nearly $3,000,000 during the year of the Presidential election. One very convenient branch of this Republican supply office was the Special Examiners' division, which got away with a million during the campaign. It was not that the examiners had more legitimate work than usual connected with their division, for the number of cases disposed of was smaller than during the previous year, although there were one hundred and fifty more examiners. The medical reviewer of the bureau was obliged to go to Indiana just six weeks before the election, ostensibly to instruct a few examining surgeons, but in reality to essay the surgical operation of cutting down the Democratic majority. His labors came to an end on election day, his surgery being entirely at fault, and the expense account drawn upon in vain. No wonder that Senator Logan was such a sturdy defender of the Pension Bureau; it was a rich lead and was worked industriously for the benefit of the party. Many a political Pecksniff drew his inspiration from the convenient balance always on hand in the special examiners' division, and went forth with pockets well lined to preach the gospel of Republican cant and hypocrisy, and to hold up Democratic wickedness and plotting to the horror of an assemblage of free-born voters. Of all the ways of raising the wind resorted to by the late managers of the B. & L. combination, that of the Pension Bureau was the most ingenious and panned out the best. A jump from $500,000 to nearly $3,000,000 in expenses in a single year, was a proceeding that required no small degree of nerve. Dudley was just the man for the work. —*Albany Argus.*

—Henry Jones, a Georgia farmer, utilizes dynamite as a crow exterminator by loading peas with it, which are scattered along the ground for the birds to pick up.

SLEEPING ROOMS.

The Care That Should Characterize Our Sleeping Apartments.

It is sometimes thought to be a token of neatness that the occupant of a bedroom tidy it up by making-up the bed before breakfast. But this is not advisable. It is better that the bed be smoothed up until the morning ablutions and dressing have been performed, so that the exhalations of the night shall not escape into the room. Then, the last thing before leaving the room, take off all articles of the bed-clothing, hang them as separately as may be over the foot of the bed and upon chairs, and open the windows, so that everything may be thoroughly aired before the bed is made.

The windows should be left open in pleasant weather until the sun begins to decline, when they should be closed, since late in the day the air, except on very bright days, begins to be charged with sensible moisture—that is, it is more or less "damp," and to sleep in damp air is nearly as bad as to sleep in damp sheets.

The common exception to sleeping in "night air," though not very well expressed, is perfectly sound in fact. To be sure, "night air" can, in a strict sense, be nothing else than "night air;" but what is meant in the objection is air unduly charged with sensible moisture. To breathe such air during the day would be just as deleterious as to breathe it during the night, only that during sleep the physical system is in a condition less fitted to resist its evil influence. This does not apply to malarious districts, where noxious exhalations are thrown from the soil into the air much more abundantly during the night than during the day. Thus one may pass the day in the Pontine Marshes near Rome, or in the rice-swamps of South Carolina, with tolerable safety, while it is almost fatal to sleep there for a single night.

It is very desirable that only one person should occupy a bed. In no case, if it can possibly be avoided, should two persons very different in age, temperament and habits, sleep together. The evils resulting to a young person from sleeping with an aged one are universally recognized. The child is almost sure to become enfeebled; whether the aged person is benefited thereby, as is commonly supposed, is not so certain. The common opinion is that the old person, in some mysterious way, draws out vitality from the young one and absorbs it into his own system.

But, leaving this out of view, there are evils more or less inseparable from double-bed sleeping. Very rarely will two persons sleep together whose systems require just the same amount of bed-clothing; and, if a compromise is effected, one must have too little, the other too much. If one, of them be restless, the other must be annoyed; if one be wakeful, he will disturb the sleep of the other. And in any case each must in some degree inhale the vitiated air which has just been breathed out by the other. The single beds, of course, occupy somewhat more space than a double one. And in case the size and shape of the bedroom, or the uses other than sleeping, for which it may be required, preclude two ordinary beds, a trundle-bed, to be run beneath the other during the day, is preferable to a double bed, especially where one of the occupants is a child.

A bedroom should, as far as possible, not be used as a store-room; and, in case it is necessary to have a trunk or two in it, these may be utilized as couches or seats, by covering them with cushions made for the purpose. Most especially the space under the bed should not be used as repository for things to be kept out of sight. Wherever else shoes, bundles, and odds and ends may be placed, they should never be placed under the bed.

In a healthful home, no bedroom to be occupied by a single person, will contain less than eight hundred cubic feet. For two persons, its cubical contents should be greater by at least one half; and a still more liberal amount of space is desirable if the size of the house will permit.—*Laws of Health.*

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

The Curious Business of a Metropolitan Negro.

Having occasion the other day to search for some copies of daily newspapers of a certain date in 1875, I was not surprised to find that at the offices of the newspapers I could buy no copies. Not one of the great dailies could furnish a copy of the date which I needed, but I was referred in every case to a man named Robert Budd, formerly a bootblack, who makes a business of dealing in back numbers of newspapers. I found him, and in half an hour I had the papers.

Budd's history, or rather that of his business, is peculiar. He is a coal-black negro, with an intelligent face and a remarkable faculty for estimating the value of his wares. Although he has a regular price list, his prices vary according to what he thinks may be the value of the paper to the would-be buyer. Some months ago there was a law case which required the presentment in court either of a certain newspaper or of a certified copy of an article covering several pages in small type. Budd was the only man in the city who could furnish the paper; he asked $100 for it, although it was not ten years old, and had originally cost him but two cents, and the sum was paid, for the certified copy would have cost still more.

Five years ago Budd had a bootblacking stand on Broadway, near Thirtieth street, and at the same time sold newspapers. He was struck with the number of demands made upon him for copies of newspapers two or three days, or a week, or even a month old, and he had the idea of adding to his business that of old newspapers. That there is a demand for old newspapers is amply shown by the business he has built up. At present he occupies a large cellar, the walls of which are lined with newspapers tied up in bundles, each bundle containing the copies of one month of each paper. There is a tag attached to each bundle giving the months of the year.

As he still keeps up his newspaper stand he of course gets his papers at cost price, and when a person really wants a paper there is a fine chance for profit. Every day Budd puts away twenty copies of the *The Herald*, twenty copies of *The Sun*, ten of the *World*, *Times*, and *Tribune* each, and five copies of each of the evening newspapers. His schedule of prices is supposed to be as follows: For papers three days old, double the price; for papers a week old, ten cents; for papers a month old, twenty-five cents; for papers a year old, $1; for papers more than a year old, $1.25 additional for every year. But, as I said before, this schedule is no guide in case Budd discovers that the paper is of great importance. Soon after he began business, he bought up complete files of several newspapers running back in some cases to 1850. That he finds the business a profitable one may be inferred from his ability to keep two assistants at work.

The number of persons who wish to buy back copies of newspapers is larger than most people might suppose; in the course of half an hour, during which I searched through an old file, five persons came into Budd's place and bought papers varying in age from two days to six years.—*N. Y. Cor. New Haven News.*

A NOTABLE SCENE.

Schuyler Colfax's Farewell Address to the United States Senate.

In the course of the proceedings of the Senate on March 4th, 1873, one of the Senators offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, tendering thanks to Vice-President Colfax for the manner in which he had discharged the duties of chairman during the term in which he had presided over the deliberations of the Senate.

Not long afterward, Vice-President Colfax arose and, stating that the hour had arrived for the dissolution of the Forty-second Congress, proceeded, with considerable emotion, to deliver a farewell address to the Senate. During the midst of this address, the hands of the clock reached the hour of twelve. Captain Bassett went to it, and, mounting a ladder, turned back the longer hand a few minutes. This was a harmless trick that I have often seen played since, the minute hand being sometimes set back as much as half an hour. The Senators and the Vice-President always look innocently some other way while it is being done, as if unconscious of the act. But every one else smiles at this subterfuge to gain time, and I think the Senators themselves smile inwardly.

After continuing his speech for a short while, the Vice-President concluded:

"But the clock admonishes me that the Forty-second Congress has already passed into history; and wishing you, Senators, useful lives for your country and happy lives for yourselves, and thanking you for the resolution spread upon your journal, and invoking the favor of Him who holds the destinies of nations and of men in the hollow of His hand, I am ready to administer the oath of office to the Vice-President-elect, whom I now introduce."

Vice-President-elect Wilson thereupon stepped forward amid a burst of applause, and from the Secretary's desk made a brief address; and the oath of office was administered to him by the retiring Vice-President.—*Edmund Alton, in St. Nicholas.*

SEASICKNESS.

A New England Doctor Suggests How It May Be Prevented.

The semi-circular canals of the internal ears are nowadays pretty well understood not to be organs of hearing but of equilibrium. The sensation they normally give us is that of change of direction and speed in the movements of our head through space. When over-excited they gave rise to vertigo and nausea. A large percentage of deaf mutes, in whom the canals are presumably thrown out of function, are insusceptible of being made dizzy. Of a considerable number of such deaf mutes who had been exposed to seasickness, none, with the exception of two doubtful cases, had ever suffered. All these facts lead to the hypothesis that seasickness may arise, in the first instance, from the over-excitement of these sensitive organs, and, finally, they lead to the practical suggestion that such over-excitement might be warded off or allayed by "counter-irritation" which consists in blistering or otherwise reddening the skin above and behind the ear. The experiment is so simple, and would be, if successful, so pregnant of relief that it seems a shame it should not be tested by a large number of persons. I have tried it myself twice. The first time was on the British Channel, on a very rough day, when every one around me was violently sick. I simply rubbed the skin behind my ears till it was slightly excoriated. An incipient nauseau, which I felt at the end of the first half hour, completely vanished as the sensation of cutaneous burning became strong. In crossing the Atlantic I was less successful but my seasickness was rather anomalous, its principal symptom being a high fever and no nauseau, and I do not consider the failure to be a refutation of the method. It may be that the latter will serve for short exposures, like channel voyages, but not for longer ones. At any rate, the scientific presumption in favor of its utility is certainly large enough to warrant experimentation by any one who dreads the direst of all forms of misery.—*Dr. William Jones, Cambridge, Mass.*

THE DOLPHIN.

What the Ancients Thought of this Wonderful Fish.

Ælian ascribed to it a parental love that did not fear death for the sake of its young. The mother would not forsake her young one when it was caught, but would share captivity and death with it; if one of two was taken, the mother would drive the other away from the danger, and then go back to perish with the caught one. Ælian tells of many such traits which seem to reveal a kind of human nature in the dolphin, and to connect it most intimately with man and his sea-life. Dolphins were said to accompany the ship of the hardy sailor over the solitary sea, to endeavor to entertain him with their sportive movements, and to be so confiding that, if they were called by the name of Simon, they would come up and help the fisherman in his work of driving the fish into his net. They forewarned him of the storm, also had a good feeling toward bathing boys, and exhibited thankfulness toward man. The spiritual qualities of the dolphin appeared not less deep to antiquity. If a dolphin was caught, he would greedily eat all the fish that were caught with him, then would break the net and escape; hence the wise fisherman, if he casually caught a dolphin, would draw a rush through his nose and let him go, marking him for another time. That such an animal, to which a lavish fancy ascribed so many noble qualities, should have enjoyed in reality a certain degree of honor and indulgence, follows, as a matter of course, especially when it is remembered that the dolphin was of little value when caught, but when at large could often make himself very useful by driving up the smaller fishes toward the nets, as the whale does in the herring-fishery.—*Dr. Biedermann, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Wet winters have been found to result most disastrously to insects.

PITH AND POINT.

—Always taking out of a meal-tub and never putting in soon brings you to the bottom.

—Menny a phool haz passed thru life with fair sukcess by taking a back seat and sticking to it.—*Josh Billings.*

—Don't be fooled, my boy. You can't bridle a woman's tongue by bridaling her. It will turn out just the other way in nine cases out of ten.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Edith, you want to know "whether funny men on newspapers ever laugh at their own jokes," do you dear? Yes, Edith, often—in fact, in a good many cases, you will find that they are the only ones who do laugh at them; but, of course, this is confidential.—*Boston Post.*

—Little Amy, chided for mischief, protested that Susan (the servant) had persuaded her. Said papa: "Tell me exactly what Susan said." She said: "You push that stand, miss, if you dare." "Them's my very words," interjected Susan. "And," pursued the little culprit, "I dared, so I pushed."

—Thirteen is an unlucky number. It is for this reason that when a shopkeeper halves a twenty-five cent piece he invariably gives you twelve cents. The shopkeeper is unselfish, and as somebody must run the risk of bad luck, he freely takes it himself.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Lawyers Like Shears:

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was done,
Shook hands together and were in for fun.
"Hey!" cried the losing client, "I don't see how
You men who fought can be so friendly now."
"Ah!" said his counsel, "Lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, cut not themselves, but what's between."

—The doctor was visiting a lady who was in the habit of sending for him constantly without being at all ill, and she was entertaining him with a full and particular account of her maladies, the list of which was as long as her glove. (N. B.—The glove of a lady is about as long as her arm nowadays.) "Ah, madam!" says the doctor, with a look of admiration, "what robust health you must enjoy in order to be able to withstand all these complaints."—*Waterbury American.*

—American heiress (who has just married a title)—"What did that vulgar fellow mean by addressing you so familiarly, Count?" Foreign Count (her new husband)—"Oh, nothing, my dear. He just happened to know me." "But he did not call you by your title?" "Well, no." "Don't he know you are a Count?" "No; he only knows me by my stage name." "Stage name? How romantic! Why, you darling, I did not know you had been on the stage." "Oh, yes; I've been driving a Broadway stage for ten years."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Here's an item of some interest, perhaps," remarked the new reporter, as he handed over the following: "Mr. Elderboi is believed to be the oldest person in town. His age is ninety-eight." "I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Slenderquill; I'm ashamed of you!" exclaimed the editor, glaring over the top of the item at the reporter. "Why didn't you say that Mr. Elderboi had just cut his third set of teeth, that he splits his own wood, gets in his own hay, does all his own ploughing and planting and harvesting; that he is believed to be the oldest Mason, and has voted for every President, from Washington up to the present time, and that he is 108 instead of ninety-eight? Why, man alive! the office boy could beat you dishing up news!"—*Boston Transcript.*

A WISE FATHER.

Humor a Bad Thing, But Candidacy For Congress Quite Another.

"So you are going to start a humorous paper," said an old gentleman to his son.

"Yes, sir. Have you any advice to offer?"

"Don't start it."

"Why?"

"Oh, there are many reasons, some of which, in a most serious manner, I shall give you. The quality of humor is inborn, but the employment of its finer forces requires the most careful cultivation. The rough semi-vulgar sketch is not humor. It may create a laugh, but it is not humor. Do you remember what Addison says of humor?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever read Addison?"

"Very little."

"What have you read?"

"Oh, I don't know what all. It would take me some time to enumerate."

"I don't think it would. How is your imagination—very good?"

"No, sir, I can't say that it is."

"Ah, hah. I suppose that you will attempt to make people laugh?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"A fatal error, young man. People can be slyly drawn into mirth, but you can not shove them into it. We can persuade men to weep, but we can not force them. You no doubt have a good supply of original jokes."

"Yes, sir. I think so."

"Tell me a few?"

"I can't tell them."

"Well, sit down there and write me one."

The young man wrote the following: "Sebleson went to see his girl the other night. The old man was at the lodge. Sebleson enjoyed himself pretty well. The girl brought in some pie. The young fellow said it was first rate, and asked her if she made it. She said yes. 'Ah,' replied the young man, 'anybody who can make such pie ought to make a good wife.' Then they both laughed. 'Did you ever make any pie?' she asked. 'No,' said he, 'but I have killed a sight of it.'"

"Is that all?" asked the old gentleman when the humorist had, with elocutionary effect, read the production

"Yes, but I could make it longer."

"Don't do it."

"Father, I am afraid you don't like humor."

"I am afraid so."

"You didn't smile, but will you lend me $2,000?"

"What, do you want to pay people to laugh?"

"Oh, no, I want to buy material."

"Why, you intend to print the paper, eh?"

"Of course."

"Oh, no, I can not let you have the money."

"I tell what I thought, father. You have been suggested as a suitable candidate for Congress. Well, nothing more than a good joke helps a man politically. I thought that you might get off several good jokes about yourself and that I could print them. Of course everything from you would be interesting. You have a great imagination, and have read Addison you—"

"Two thousand dollars, you say? Hand me that check-book, please. Of course I do not expect to be a candidate—but say, if I were elected, I could make the country laugh, couldn't I?" —*Arkansaw Traveler.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

"NINE, TEN, A GOOD FAT HEN."

Wake, baby wake!
The bright morning is breaking,
And down in the garden the old mother-hen,
With a cluck and a cackle of pride, is awaking
Her downy wee darlings, her little ones ten.
She is pretty and plump, and as white as new milk,
And her chicks' yellow feathers are softer than silk;
A wonderful clamor the tiny things make!—
Baby wake!

Coo, baby, coo!
To the open door creeping,
Your bread and milk stands on the sunshiny sill;
Right after its mother each chicken runs peeping,
A round, fluffy ball, with a wide yellow bill;
No pretty blue bowl for their breakfast have they,
For babies and chickens have each their own way;
They like their nice crumbs, and your bread and milk, you—
Baby, coo!

Laugh, baby, laugh!
From your fair little fingers
The yellow corn falls in a scattering rain;
And never a chick in the eager brood lingers—
They hurry and scramble to pick up the grain,
A flutter of feathers that shine in the sun,
A chirping and scolding, a rush and a run,
Too greedy, the feathery babies, by half—
Baby laugh!

Sleep baby, sleep!
The long shadows are fading,
And down in the garden the pretty white hen,
With a cluck and a cackle, is sleepily calling
Her darlings together, her little ones ten.
She broods soft above them, the drowsy wee things
That hide in the shade of her motherly wings,
And babies and chickens to Slumberland creep—
Baby, sleep!

—*Margaret Johnson, in Our Little Ones.*

THE CLOCK THAT STOPPED.

How Ned "Fixed" It and Made It Go, and the Way It Went.

The eight-day clock gave a great deal of trouble. It had a habit of stopping, and no one knew why. It was duly wound and everything done for it that could be done for a clock. But still it would stop. It was the clock Frankie went to school by, and the one that marked off the happy play hours when his little friends came to see him, or when he was allowed to visit them. So he missed it and wondered a good deal about it, and wished it could be fixed. But some alterations were to be made in the house, and his mother said Ninny should take the clock to the garret until its new nook was ready, and then it should be sent down town for repairs.

The garret was the place where all the boys got together on stormy days. There was room to play circus and soldier, and no one came there to say "Hush," or "Pray, boys, do be quiet." In one corner was Frankie's play-house. There was his big dappled-gray rocking-horse, his span of rocking-ponies, his swing, his box of tools, and more play-things of every kind than you could count. Ninny, when she carried the clock up there, took care to get it as far away as possible from this corner.

"Thim boys will be sure to be afther it," she said, "so I'll put it on a high beam in the dark, where they'll niver find it."

But it had not been long in its dusty solitude before there came a rainy day, and all the neighborhood boys flocked in. Ned was the biggest and most restless one, and it was not long before he spied the clock.

"Hello, Frankie! Whose clock is that?" he cried.

"It's ours; it's spoiled."

"Spoiled? Doesn't it go?"

"No, it doesn't go; it dosn't do anything but stop."

"Well, I don't see how it can stop if it hasn't been going," roared Ned with a loud laugh.

"Let's look at it, anyway," he added, climbing up on a box and lifting the clock from its shelf. He carried it to a window and set it down on the floor. All the boys gathered around.

"Open it!" cried John.

"Let's see the wheels," clamored Willie.

Ned opened the door, but found inside only the key to wind it with, for of course the face hid the machinery. Ned shook it and it began to tick.

"I can fix it," he said. "You let it stand too still. See, it goes." And, sure enough, it did, feebly, and for only a few minutes.

Ned had no wish to do mischief, but he had a great desire to tinker. "Say, Frankie, may I fix it?"

"If you can," replied Frankie, gladly. "Mamma said she wanted it fixed."

Frankie's box of tools stood near, and Ned took a screw driver, and undid one screw after another until the face was loose. This he took off. The boys crowded closer to exclaim and ask questions.

"Oh, what a lot of wheels!" cried one.

"Are they gold?" asked another.

"They're brass," said Ned. "And this thing here is the spring."

It was interesting indeed to see its wheel within wheel, and that coil of flat steel-blue wire. Ned examined every part, took out one screw and then another, until finally he had everything out of the case. This took him an hour or more. Then he tried winding up the spring, and found he could turn the key round and round, and the spring would tighten by slow degrees. But as soon as he took away the key it would unwind with a whirl.

"It goes now, doesn't it?" said Frankie.

"Ye-s," said Ned, a little doubtfully.

Truth is he was beginning to be distressed at the sight of so many scattered pieces, and so many screws, and to feel certain he could never put them together as they were before.

"Yes, it goes," said Frankie joyfully. "Now, Ned, let me wind it."

The winding it was the chief part of the fun. Each took a turn at it. They thought the whizzing of the spring very lively music. Ned did not like to own that he had spoiled the clock, but so he feared.

"Now we'll put it up," he said.

"But how can we tell what time it is when the hands are off?" asked Frankie, beginning to be suspicious.

"I'll put them on some other time," said Ned, growing very red in the face. This was far from being satisfactory, but a play was to be started, and Frankie reluctantly allowed the fragments to be piled together in a heap near the window and then joined the other boys in "gray wolf." But he felt that his mother ought to know. So that night when he went to bed, he said:

"Mamma, the clock will go."

"What, the clock in the garret? How does it go?"

"Ned made it go. You wind it with the key as tight as you can and then let it go and, oh, it runs down just as fast!"

"I hope Ned hasn't been meddling with the clock, dear."

"Yes, he took it all apart. I told him you wanted it fixed."

"I presume it is 'fixed,' if he has taken it in hand. Go to sleep now and we'll see about it to-morrow."

She smiled to herself, for she knew very well what to expect from Ned's skill. The clock "went" in still another way the next day—it went to the jeweler's in a basket.—*Clara Doty Bates, in Chicago Advance.*

AN ESQUIMAU BABY.

How the Little Fellow Enjoys Himself in a Temperature a Little Below the Freezing Point.

When a baby Esquimau's mother makes the hood for her reindeer suit, she stretches it into a long sack or bag, that hangs down behind and is supported by her shoulders, and this bag of reindeer's skin is his cradle and home, where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his own first suit of clothing.

This, however, is while the baby Esquiman is out-of-doors or his mother is making a social visit. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking or doing such other work, the little baby is allowed to roll around almost without clothing, among the reindeer skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a snow-stick.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling around to his heart's content on the soft, warm skins, but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not then think so. For his wsnter home is *built of snow.*

"But won't the snow melt and the house tumble in?" you will ask. Of course it will, if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that the snow will not melt, even when the Esquimaux burn fires in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so by closely regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. In short, it must always be cold enough in their home to freeze.

So you can see that the little Esquimaux can not have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked nearly all day long when it is so cold. But such is the fact.

Yet, in spite of all this, the little fellow really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun frolicking around on the reindeer skins and playing with his toys; and when I have told you some other stories about the cold these little folks can endure, you can understand how they can enjoy themselves in the snow huts, or *igloos,* as they call them, when it is only a little colder than freezing.

At times, the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and then the ceiling will commence melting—for you all perhaps have learned at school that when a room becomes warmed it is warmer at the ceiling and color near the floor. So with the hut of snow: it commences melting at the top because it is warmer there—and when two or three drops of cold water have fallen on the baby's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds that it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dropping, the mother will often take a snow-ball from the floor, where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge until it becomes full; and then she removes it and puts on another, as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy with water and warm enough to lose its freezing hold, down it comes! perhaps right on the baby's bare back, where it flattens out like a slushy pancake—or into his face, as it once served me.—*Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, in St. Nicholas.*

AN INLAND SEA.

The Steps Taken to Create a Navigable Body of Water in the Desert of Sahara.

Commander Landas left Paris for Africa last month to carry on the work of the late Colonel Roudaire, whose project of forming a sea in the desert of Sahara by admiting the waters of the Mediterranean has attracted considerable attention for three years past. There seems to be some prospect that the enterprise may really be carried out.

This is not a scheme for turning the vast Saharan waste into an ocean, as many have supposed. That idea is impracticable, for there are more elevated plateaus than low-lying plains in the Sahara. The lowest level Dr. Lenz found in his recent journey across the western desert was 492 feet above the sea, and he had reason to think that the lowest levels of the western Sahara do not fall under 330 feet above the sea.

There exists, however, south of the fertile portions of Tunis and Algeria a chain of desiccated lake basins, whose sandy or muddy bottoms, considerably lower than the Mediterranean, stretch away southward to the oasis of Tozeur. It was Colonel Roudaire's plan to flood these lake basins or *Chotts* by digging a canal 160 miles long from the Gulf of Gabes, on the east coast of Tunis. By this means he expected to turn about 9,000 square miles of the Sahara into a navigable sea, convert a wide belt of territory around the sea into fertile lands, open a waterway for French commerce far into the country, improve the climate of Tunis and Algeria, and create a barrier against wild tribes from the Sahara.

There is little doubt that Colonel Roudaire's scheme is perfectly feasible, though opinions differ as to its utility. A committee appointed by the French Government reported that the plan was practicable, and could be advantageously executed. The late M. Tissot, the explorer of Tunis, fully agrees with Roudaire's views. The Count De Lesseps and the engineers who went over the ground with him early in 1883 approved the project, and De Lesseps is now one of its chief promoters. "We have no mountains to tunnel or level," he said a few weeks ago. "The project is perfectly feasible, and we will turn the desert into a garden."

Those who oppose the project doubt that the inland ocean would revolutionize the climate of that part of the Sahara, and believe the sea would be likely to silt up with saline deposits on account of the rapid evaporation in so dry a climate. All seem to agree, however, that it would give fertility to hundreds of thousands of acres. The promoters of the enterprise ask no assistance from the treasury of France, but wish only to receive a concession of the bordering tracts, now a sandy waste, which they expect to reclaim.

Commander Landas will first take soundings in the Gulf of Gabes and select the most favorable place for a harbor. He then expects to sink an artesian well for the purpose of supplying the workmen on the proposed canal with water.—*N. Y. Sun.*